

[Mrs. Laura Jones]

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Federal Writer's Project

District [#8?]

Palestine, Texas

Page 1 [Life history?] Mrs. Laura Jones, 701 [West?] Main St., Palestine, Texas

I was born in Newman, Georgia, June 17th, 1847. When I was about 11 years of age we moved to Illinois and six months later we moved to Buffalo City, Ark., We lived there for two years and my father practiced medicine at the time. We had a houseboat built and moved from there to Tennessee. There was 31 people on the boat and our pet deer. We came to a place on the river and ran on a snag where 7 steamboats had sunk. We yelled to a man who came along in a canoe and he got us out-all except the deer. They finally saved the deer by pulling the boat to the side of the canoe. Then we got on a steamboat later and they took us to Memphis. When we left there we went to Lafayette and the Civil War had just begun. They got to fighting so and ate up everything we had so they gave us a [pass?] to go out 7 miles and we just kept on going. We left our cattle and everything except what we just had to have. We took the train from Aberdeene to Mobile, Alabama, and from there we took the steamboat to Montgomery, Alabama. My sister and I took typhoid fever and she died when we reached Montgomery. We stopped there and father and my two brothers worked in the Arsenal making guns to fight with. One brother joined

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the fifth Georgia Regiment and went to war. He lived to be pretty old-around 70 and died and is buried in Little Rock. My father moved our family to Opelika, Alabama and we lived there until the end of the war. [???

My maiden name was Laura Harris. I was married in Opelika, Alabama, August 31, 1865 to Mr. Frank Jones who was a wounded soldier. He was shot at Baker's Creek, the bullet going through his shoulder while loading the cannon. He was in [Waddell's?] Artillery. I have a letter which I have had framed and prize very highly from my husbands Major, J. [F?]. Waddell, written at Seale, Russell Co., Alabama, February 23, 1892 when he was on his sick bed which reads as follows to Mr. Jones:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

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"This is to certify that the bearer Frank M. Jones served under me in the late war, at the "Battle Creek" or as the other side call it "Champion Hill". He was dangerously shot at my side, the best among 4 men I could hold to work the gun on the advancing enemy.

He was a true soldier and may be by all received as each.

(Signed) J.F. Waddell

Major of Waddell's Artillery

[Battallion?]

Later we moved back to [Mosca?], Tennessee and then he was called to Alabama as his brother passed away. My husband was fireman for Montgomery and [West?] Point Railroad for about 3 years before we came to Texas. Later we went to visit my father in Enterprise, Mississippi, and we decided to come to Brenham, Texas. We lived there for about a year and went to [McDade?]. We traveled in our wagons with oxens and when we got to the Trinity River we could not cross the river and decided to stay there. We farmed

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for 3 years, then we came to Palestine and my husband went to work on the first mule drawn street cars. The track ran from the Section House of the Railroad to the courthouse. Later on the line was moved to Dallas. In later years they tried to get another street car line, but automobiles came in style about that time and the idea was given up. Then my husband started working for the Railroad, in the shops, when we came to Palestine it was thickly settled. "I've killed many a squirrel." I used to shoot a gun as good as the men. No, I never killed a deer. but my husband has killed many a one". Mr. Jones worked for the railroad 52 years and was retired from the service, and died April 30, [1928?] at the age of 90. We never did have any children, but always had some of our relatives children or someone living with us. We reared several children our lifetime. I use to have a dressmaking shop where the Humble Triangle Station is now located. I still have my old chart I used in those days to cut my material. Sometimes 3 I charged as high as \$10.00 for making a dress. My eyesight is still good enough to read the daily paper.

I live here with my great neice and her husband and they look after me. Of course the home belongs to me, but I receive a pension from the Civil War and have a small income from real estate and savings invested, but I need some one to be with me as I am getting pretty feeble, and can hardly get about in the house.